

TRIED TO LYNCH HIM.

Angry Tenants Thought Rosenbluth Fired His Store.

Chased Through the Street, He Took Refuge in a Police Station.

Many Small Fires, One of Which May Cause a Man's Death.

Several fires gave the Department plenty of work this morning. One family was rescued when all but overcome by smoke. A half a dozen people had narrow escapes. One man was chased by an excited crowd of people, who thought he had fired the house. In another fire a man was burned so badly that he will die.

Simon Rosenbluth, his wife, Fanny, and three children—John, four; Annie, two; and Bertha, seven weeks—live in the "Mixed Ale" flats at 817 Tenth avenue.

Rosenbluth keeps a grocery store on the ground floor, and his family live in the rear of the place. Simon has for a partner his brother, Herman, who lives with his family a few doors away at 820 Tenth avenue.

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Lanahan got to the rear door in the hall and succeeded in breaking it open. The place was filled with smoke, and the flames were eating up the wall from the place where the fire had evidently started in one corner of the store.

The Rosenbluths were found in bed overcome by the smoke. The three policemen got them out to the pavement, where they soon recovered, and were taken to the apartments of Herman Rosenbluth.

While Lanahan was breaking into the rear door of H. Geller, in the other side of the burning and getting the shoemaker out, the other policemen went upstairs to arouse the tenants.

There was a fire around the roof and fire-escape. All got out of the house safely. The fireman had little trouble with the smoke, and rushed them after they had done \$100 damage.

When the fire was all over Herman Rosenbluth was around the whole lot of damage had been done. There were about fifteen tenants standing in front of the burning and in an excited manner. As soon as they caught sight of Rosenbluth, one of them cried:

"There's a fellow who set fire to his store for the insurance!"

Herman didn't wait to hear any more. He ran to the rear door and in a wild run. After him followed the excited tenants, howling like mad. One of them carried a nail, and the others a club.

Herman ran on until he reached the West Forty-ninth street police station. There he was surrounded by a mob of quivering limbs and staring eyes. He begged the sergeant to save his life.

He was quitted after awhile, and told that no one could hurt him. He started back for his home, but it was hours before he had courage enough to enter it.

In the mean time the tenants had given up chase and returned to the burning building. The janitor of the place tried to convince them that the Rosenbluths could not have had anything to do with the fire. He pointed out the fact that the janitor was in league with the others, and he would certainly have come out long ago if he had been here. As it was the janitor went in his own house.

The fire that will doubtless cost a man his life, started at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Three tenants, a Frenchman, Baptiste Amorette, a Frenchman, who lives on the ground floor of the place, was awakened by the screams of a man. Going to the second floor, she found a room in the back of the house on fire, and Julian Palmone, eighteen years old, who lives there, was rolling in the flames.

When the policeman reached the house with the firemen, the burning man could not be found. The flames in the frame were extinguished, and the still there searched from top to bottom. Still there was no sign of Palmone.

Finally the policeman found him in a woodshed in the next yard. The clothing had been entirely burned off his body, and the flesh was falling off.

The injured man was taken to New York Hospital, where his head, arms and body were found to be horribly burned, and it was said that the man would not live. The flames did \$50 damage.

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The flames were creeping nearer and nearer the woman and child, and Mrs. Lyons was pounding on the door, when Policeman McKee arrived, battered

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Estranged from His San Francisco Family and Dissipated.

Then Came Carelessness, Moroseness and Despondency.

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Alexander locked himself in his room and took a large dose of carbolic acid. The elevator boy heard him breathing heavily and hurrying downstairs notified the night clerk.

On the body was found lying on his bed unconscious. Dr. Pickering and Edwards, who were summoned, applied the usual restoratives, but failed in their efforts to revive him. He died within a short time of their arrival.

Alexander registered at the Oriental last Saturday evening. He was unknown to the hotel people, and apparently had no friends among the guests.

On the body was found a permit to copy pictures, signed by the Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts. At the large studio building at 61 West Tenth street, where Alexander lived and had a studio, it was learned that he arrived here from San Francisco about eight months ago. He was a heavy drinker, and had a sullen and morose disposition.

Lacking in the spirit of good fellowship so essential to popularity among artists, Alexander made bitter friends. The other artists in the building did not get beyond a bowing acquaintance with him, and he was not on friendly terms with any of them.

While the policeman was questioning him the soubrette suddenly became furious, and turning her attention to the officer, began to yell at him with her nails. To defend himself from her attack, Keating had to release the man and turn his attention to Kate. She kicked and scratched, and in the struggle she pulled off several buttons from her dress.

Another officer finally appeared on the scene, and the man and woman were taken to the station-house. The soubrette fought the entire way. She was quite meek when brought before Justice Voorsluys. Donnelly said the whole trouble was because he had refused to treat her to a drink.

He said she was coming along the avenue when she accosted him and asked him to give her a whiskey. On Justice Voorsluys fined the soubrette \$10 and Donnelly \$5.

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A fire that raged out all the inhabitants of the five-story brick tenement-house at 25 Henry street broke out at 7:45 o'clock this morning in the apartments of Henry Keating, on the first floor. It was caused by his children playing with matches. An alarm was turned in and the fire extinguished before any considerable damage had been done.

A fire that did \$50 damage started in the apartments of A. Poulson, on the top floor of the five-story apartment-house, 233 West Thirty-third street, at 8 o'clock this morning. The cause and insurance are unknown.

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